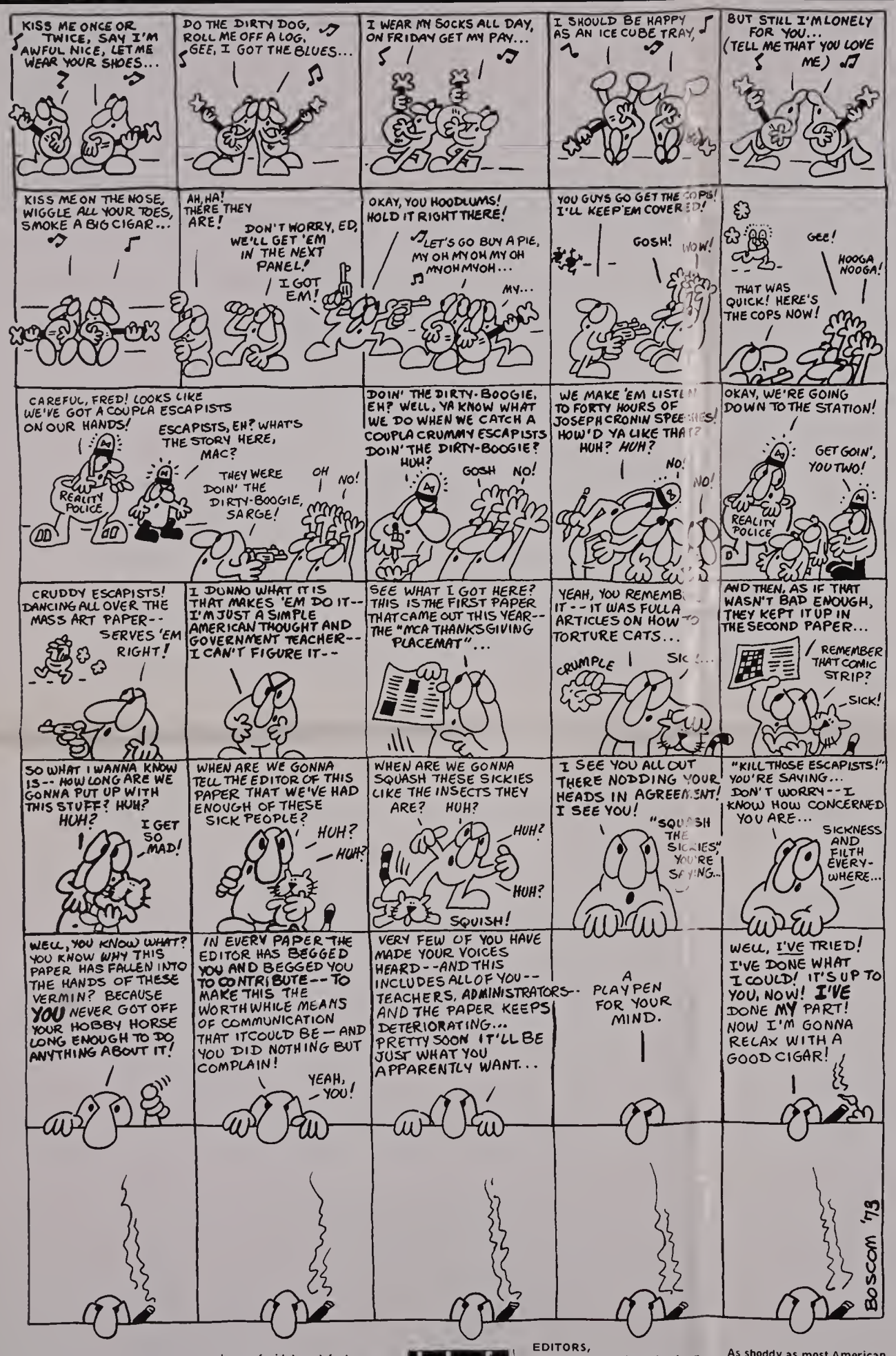
MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART
364 BROOKLINE AVENUE BOSTON

MCA NEWSPAPER

PRESENTING... THE NEWS!! AS IT HAPPENS!!

VOL. 2 NO. 1


KISS ME ONCE OR TWICE, SAY I'M AWFUL NICE, LET ME WEAR YOUR SHOES...
DO THE DIRTY DOG, ROLL ME OFF A LOG, GEE, I GOT THE BLUES...
I WEAR MY SOCKS ALL DAY, ON FRIDAY GET MY PAY...
I SHOULD BE HAPPY AS AN ICE CUBE TRAY,
BUT STILL I'M LONELY FOR YOU... (TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME)
KISS ME ON THE NOSE, WIGGLE ALL YOUR TOES, SMOKE A BIG CIGAR...
AH, HA! THERE THEY ARE!
DON'T WORRY, ED, WE'LL GET 'EM IN THE NEXT PANEL!
I GOT EM!
OKAY, YOU HOODLUMS! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
LET'S GO BUY A PIE, MY OH MY OH MY OH MYOH MYOH...
MY...
YOU GUYS GO GET THE COPS! I'LL KEEP 'EM COVERED!
GOSH!
WOW!
GEE!
HOOGA NOOGA!
THAT WAS QUICK! HERE'S THE COPS NOW!
CAREFUL, FRED! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A COUPLA ESCAPISTS ON OUR HANDS!
ESCAPISTS, EH? WHAT'S THE STORY HERE, MAC?
REALITY POLICE
THEY WERE DOIN' THE DIRTY-BOOGIE, SARGE!
OH NO!
DOIN' THE DIRTY-BOOGIE, EH? WELL, YA KNOW WHAT WE DO WHEN WE CATCH A COUPLA CRUMMY ESCAPISTS DOIN' THE DIRTY-BOOGIE?
HUH?
GOSH
NO!
WE MAKE 'EM LISTEN TO FORTY HOURS OF JOSEPH CRONIN SPEECHES! HOW'D YA LIKE THAT? HUH? HUH?
NO!
NO!
OKAY, WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE STATION!
GET GOIN', YOU TWO!
REALITY POLICE
CRUDDY ESCAPISTS! DANCING ALL OVER THE MASS ART PAPER-- SERVES 'EM RIGHT!
I DUNNO WHAT IT IS THAT MAKES 'EM DO IT-- I'M JUST A SIMPLE AMERICAN THOUGHT AND GOVERNMENT TEACHER-- I CAN'T FIGURE IT--
SEE WHAT I GOT HERE? THIS IS THE FIRST PAPER THAT CAME OUT THIS YEAR-- THE "MCA THANKSGIVING PLACEMAT"...
YEAH, YOU REMEMB... IT -- IT WAS FULLA ARTICLES ON HOW TO TORTURE CATS...
CRUMPLE
SIC!...
AND THEN, AS IF THAT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH, THEY KEPT IT UP IN THE SECOND PAPER...
REMEMBER THAT COMIC STRIP?
SICK!
SO WHAT I WANNA KNOW IS-- HOW LONG ARE WE GONNA PUT UP WITH THIS STUFF? HUH? HUH?
I GET SO MAD!
WHEN ARE WE GONNA TELL THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER THAT WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THESE SICK PEOPLE?
HUH?
HUH?
WHEN ARE WE GONNA SQUASH THESE SICKIES LIKE THE INSECTS THEY ARE? HUH?
HUH?
HUH?
SQUISH!
I SEE YOU ALL OUT THERE NODDING YOUR HEADS IN AGREEMENT! I SEE YOU!
"SQUASH THE SICKIES," YOU'RE SAYING...
"KILL THOSE ESCAPISTS!" YOU'RE SAYING... DON'T WORRY-- I KNOW HOW CONCERNED YOU ARE...
SICKNESS AND FILTH EVERY-WHERE...
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU KNOW WHY THIS PAPER HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THESE VERMIN? BECAUSE YOU NEVER GOT OFF YOUR HOBBY HORSE LONG ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
IN EVERY PAPER THE EDITOR HAS BEGGED YOU AND BEGGED YOU TO CONTRIBUTE-- TO MAKE THIS THE WORTHWHILE MEANS OF COMMUNICATION THAT IT COULD BE -- AND YOU DID NOTHING BUT COMPLAIN!
YEAH, YOU!
VERY FEW OF YOU HAVE MADE YOUR VOICES HEARD--AND THIS INCLUDES ALL OF YOU-- TEACHERS, ADMINISTRATORS AND THE PAPER KEEPS DETERIORATING... PRETTY SOON IT'LL BE JUST WHAT YOU APPARENTLY WANT...
A PLAYPEN FOR YOUR MIND.
WELL, I'VE TRIED! I'VE DONE WHAT I COULD! IT'S UP TO YOU, NOW! I'VE DONE MY PART! NOW I'M GONNA RELAX WITH A GOOD CIGAR!
BOSCOM '73

As you have probably noticed from the bulletins, opinion boards, tape recorders and stuffed mail boxes, Mass. Art Evaluation has begun. A board of students, faculty, and administrators is conducting an institutional evaluation, including an open forum on March 9, 1973.

In order to promote relevant and constructive criticism at these upcoming meetings, it is vital that the students, faculty, and administrators make their opinions known to the entire community. Effective change cannot be initiated if serious consideration is not given to issues of personal and general concern Your ideas must be communicated to the community at large in order that discussion and action can take place.

The main concern of this paper is the re-opening of the lines of communications between all individuals at the college. In confronting the abysmal apathy at Mass Art, we have resorted to drastic measures, which, as you can see, has given us some response.

As the man with the cigar says, if this is what you want, that's what you get. Drawing little guys is fine, but we'd much rather focus our energies on more productive projects. We would rather have the paper reflect student concerns and opinions; as an open forum for communication in the community. Most of you must be pretty tired of our soapboxing by now, so how about filling this sheet with your ideas? What do you want to know about the college? Do you want to know what's going on in Mass. Art? Is a lack of communication necessary to preserve personal artistic integrity? How about it?

Right now we are working on getting the M.C.A. Bulletin out to every student each week. It will mean a lot of extra work for the newspaper staff, but we think it will be worth it. This weekly listing of inner college events should prove to be an informative and valuable notice for the community.

Always ready and willing to do our part, here's the editors' contribution on one aspect of inter-school communication:

The ignorance of events and ideas which manifest within the widely diversified departments of Mass. Art is appalling. As each department gropes along in its own sector of the College, no free exchange of ideas or concepts takes place between the disciplines. If communication takes place at all, it is in the form of antagonism and animosity, as one faction denounces the other for ignoring the golden truths held strong in their particular department.

Garbage. We are all involved in essentially the same activity and should communally benefit from our collective experience. We can all grow together, from each other. Some suggestions:

*Co-ordinating classes in critical studies and studio arts to meet at a common time in order to discuss the similarities and differences in their selected fields of concentration.

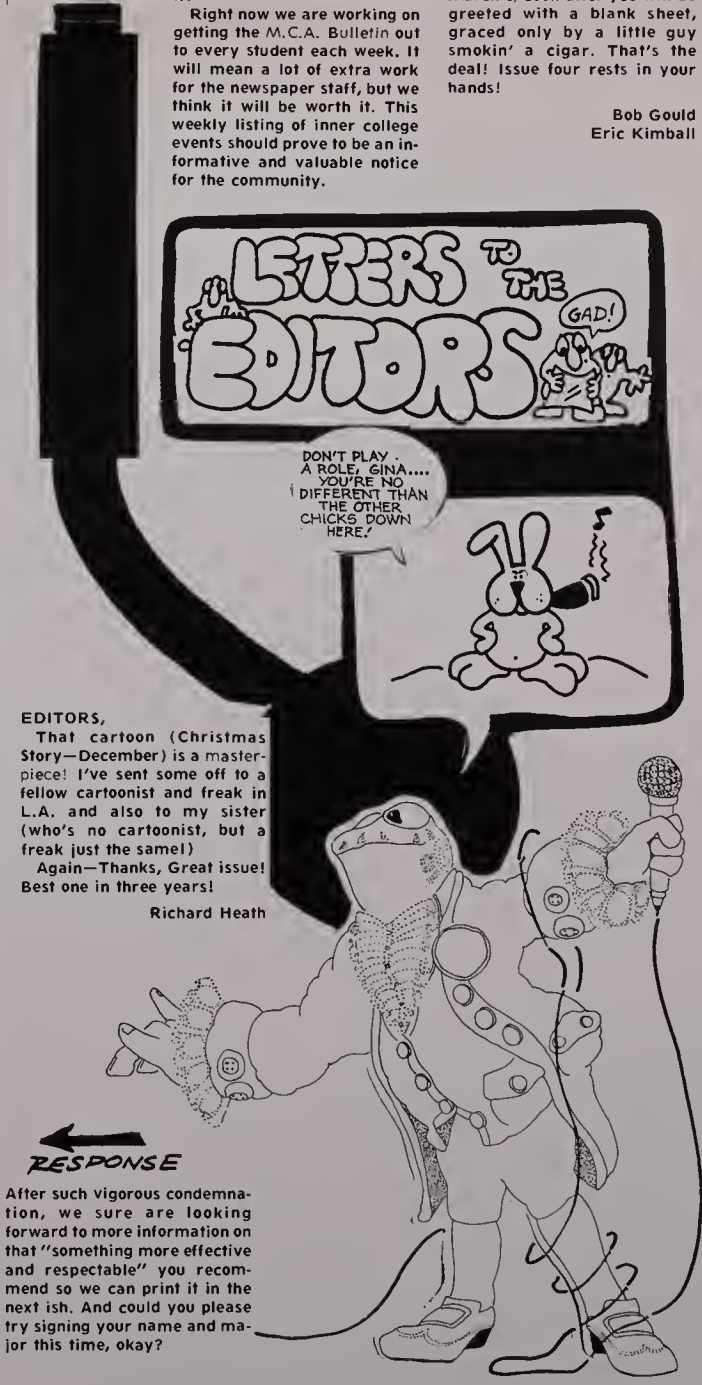
*Interdisciplinary meetings between faculty and students.

*Desperately needed in Art Education — Discussion in A.E. classes with Department Heads concerning the relationships of their departments to teaching.

That's about it for our contribution this time around. Now here's your big chance to get your opinions on these topics, or any others which concern you, to the entire community, and this includes ALL STUDENTS, ALL FACULTY! and ALL ADMINISTRATORS.

The next issue of the paper will contain only contributions from the community. Your opinions will fill this page; if none appear by the deadline of March 8, soon after you will be greeted with a blank sheet, graced only by a little guy smokin' a cigar. That's the deal! Issue four rests in your hands!

Bob Gould
Eric Kimball



EDITORS,

That cartoon (Christmas Story—December) is a masterpiece! I've sent some off to a fellow cartoonist and freak in L.A. and also to my sister (who's no cartoonist, but a freak just the same!)

Again—Thanks, Great issue! Best one in three years!

Richard Heath

RESPONSE

After such vigorous condemnation, we sure are looking forward to more information on that "something more effective and respectable" you recommend so we can print it in the next ish. And could you please try signing your name and major this time, okay?

Editor(s):

The question has been argues around the college campus as to whether the last issue of your paper was a stroke of genius or a piece of garbage. The majority of the school thinks the latter, and that it contained nothing tangible to grasp. The cartoon entitled A Christmas Tale had in it most everything offensive to the American people: alcoholism, frame No. 3, sex No. 19, greed No. 29, fame No. 30, war No. 12, commercialism and apathy, to name a few. Other cartoons were male chauvinistic and insulting to the boy Jesus and the Catholic religion. Considering that you so openly exposed American society, and Mass. Art members, you should have been afraid to set foot on our campus for fear of being assaulted. One assaulting person objected to the use of the phrase "pathetic morons" which Santa says in the lower right hand corner of the paper. That phrase was personally insulting to at least ¾ of the American people. For my friends concerned with the misuse of the word "moron" here is its correct definition according to Websters Dictionary: "moron, a person who is mentally deficient, but less so than an imbicile." Lets set the record straight.

Another complaint was the author's use of an assumed name. Doesn't this Boscom character have enough morality to sign his own name?

A concerned reader

EDITORS,

I am fed up with this cheap diploma mill that specializes in over-educated, untalented art education dingbats. The vast majority of those who leave this institution with an Art Education degree lack even third rate artistic ability and make their living at the expense of ignorant taxpayers who think they provide their children with culture when they hire these dingbats to teach in the public schools.

To anyone possessing reasonable mental facilities and sensitivity to artistic ability it should be obvious that the typical public school 'art' teacher does far more destructive harm by stifling student talent than can possibly justify the lame and pathetic 'exposure' that the rest of the students receive.

As shoddy as most American education is, it certainly doesn't need the additional pollution created here at Mass. Art. It is ironic that a community pretending to advance artistic development has tolerated this condition for so long. I recommend the entire Art Education Department be scrapped and something more effective and respectable be installed. Art Education degree aspirants should have to compete for admissions on the same level as those hoping to become professional artists. (In other words, weed out those untalented dingbats that crowd the halls and consume precious food and air.) Someone who lacks any demonstrable talent has no business here — and that goes for instructors, too!

A Student

mca where is sex at anyways

By Kathy Radesky

As soon as school gets back in session, "mating season" begins. No lie — everyone's out looking for a winter hibernation partner. As far as I'm concerned this can be very exhilarating and very sick at the same time. No one loves a good time better than I do, but if I have to pay the dude back with a lay — forget it. This is where the sickness comes in. I used to get as horney as the next person, in fact, I might have been considered to have a "reputation." But as I get older, my scruples and past experiences tend to make me more bitter and frigid (to use the term loosely) towards the (attitude of over 90 percent of Boston males. Especially in the fall, and, as I think of it — the cycle also repeats itself in the spring. Now I 'm not only complaining, but I've found a personal solution, escape, replacement, whatever it may be, which really works. At least for me it does.

Over the past few months I have thrown myself 100 percent into my art. I eat art, I sleep art, I dance art, I talk art, I breathe art, I even dream dream dream art art art. This may sound absurd, but I even ponder the composition of feces and tissue paper floating at the bottom of the toilet bowl. I don't deem it possible getting any more into art than that!

Sex may last for, say, an hour or so, but the time you give to art is like money in the bank. The more you put in, the more reserves you plant there to stay. It's advantageous like security in the stocks of life. Sex, however, is almost a subtractive process — it dies in borish monotony and ignominious emotions. (I speak of eros-less sex, of course.)

Long ago I decided that I would never do a cashier-waitress-cab driver type job again. All I had to do was think Money and gear all my energies toward it and it would come to me. So far the system has worked sufficiently. I always earn it and there's never an overabundancy, but I can pay the rent each month and have enough to buy art materials. That's all I really care about. My premise is: Art is my Life and, upon graduation, it's supposed to support me. Therefore, why should I wait til then, when I can learn

and earn while doing that which I love — synonomously?

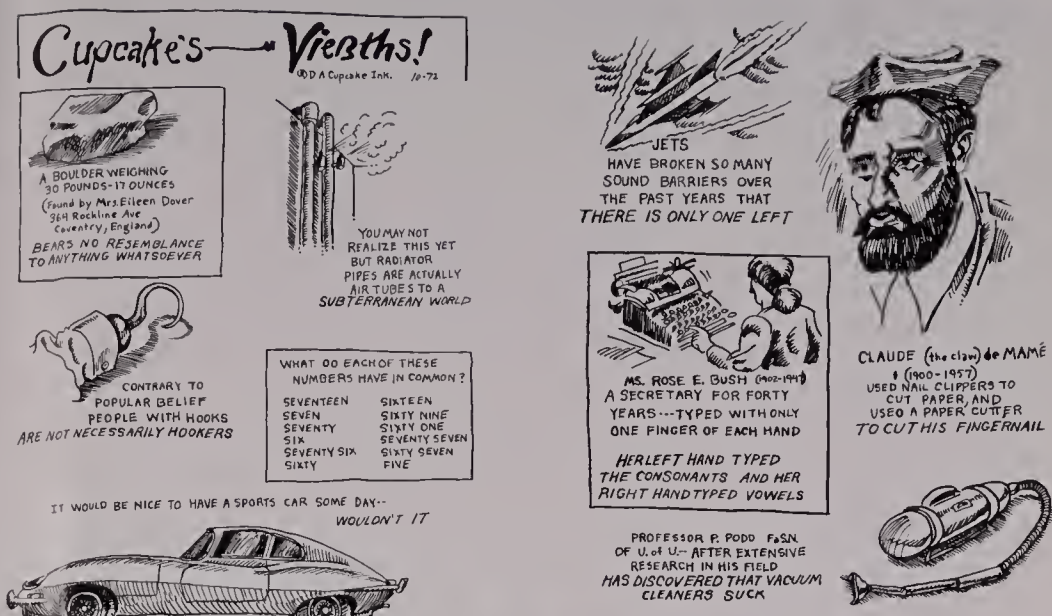
Sex is supposed to relax you, release you, captivate you, free you. It does to a superficial extent, yet there are so many hypocritical selfish motives behind many of these drives. How many tense "mornings after" did you have to face? How many 50 yard dashes — when you were still at the starting line? How many soap opera monologues did you have to try not to laugh at during moments of supposed ecstacy? I, for one am really sick of this theatrical prostitution. Basically, it's animalistic and a consumptive waste of time.

Everytime I throw myself into my work, I'm in a state of Self — I become my art. It's a high that no smoke or chemical can achieve. It is comparable only to meditation, a sojourn with intimate cosmic omnipotence. Art is not always successful; it can be depressing; it is not always easy, it can be most ming-boggling, but it's my Life and, most of all, it's Real. Now I'm assuming that this peice is read mostly by those of the art culture, but I'm appealing equally to anyone geared toward a certain profession. One must transfer his energies towards beneficial functions. The trouble therein lies only in its becoming a literal obsession. This must be avoided as much as illicit sex acts.

Sex is for people to show each other how much they love each other. No one says that it's going to last forever, but, for now, they Love each other. This is beautiful. This is the reality of sex. The celestial act of love belongs to superior people; fucking belongs to the inferior.

I Ching says:

Life leads the thoughtful man
on a path of many windings.
Now the course is checked,
now it runs straight again.
Here winged thoughts may
pour freely forth in words,
There the heavy burden of
Knowledge must be shut
away in silence.
But when two people are at
one in their utmost hearts,
They shatter even the
strength of iron or of bronze.
And when two people understand each other in their immortal hearts,
Their words are sweet and
strong, like the fragrance of
orchids.


Cupcake's — Vieaths!
©D A Cupcake Ink. 10-72
A BOULDER WEIGHING 30 POUNDS-17 OUNCES (Found by Mrs Eileen Dover 364 Rockline Ave Coventry, England) BEARS NO RESEMBLANCE TO ANYTHING WHATSOEVER
YOU MAY NOT REALIZE THIS YET BUT RADIATOR PIPES ARE ACTUALLY AIR TUBES TO A SUBTERRANEAN WORLD
CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF PEOPLE WITH HOOKS ARE NOT NECESSARILY HOOKERS
WHAT DO EACH OF THESE NUMBERS HAVE IN COMMON?
SEVENTEEN SIXTEEN
SEVEN SIXTY NINE
SEVENTY SIXTY ONE
SIX SEVENTY SEVEN
SEVENTY SIX SIXTY SEVEN
SIXTY FIVE
IT WOULD BE NICE TO HAVE A SPORTS CAR SOME DAY-- WOULDN'T IT
JETS HAVE BROKEN SO MANY SOUND BARRIERS OVER THE PAST YEARS THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE LEFT
MS. ROSE E. BUSH (1902-1941) A SECRETARY FOR FORTY YEARS---TYPED WITH ONLY ONE FINGER OF EACH HAND
HER LEFT HAND TYPED THE CONSONANTS AND HER RIGHT HAND TYPED VOWELS
CLAUDE (the claw) de MAMÉ (1900-1957) USED NAIL CLIPPERS TO CUT PAPER, AND USED A PAPER CUTTER TO CUT HIS FINGERNAIL
PROFESSOR P. PODD F.S.N. OF U. of U.-- AFTER EXTENSIVE RESEARCH IN HIS FIELD HAS DISCOVERED THAT VACUUM CLEANERS SUCK

POW!
AHOY-MATEY!
"AHOY MATEY? What-?
I'M A BIT LOST, MATE! BAD NOR'EASTER BLEW ME WAY OFF COURSE
I'LL SAY YA LOST, CLYDE
The Saltiest thing around here is a bag a PEANUTS!
I bet I could make Cartoons Just as Good as these!
THERE! That Looks GOOD!
I've Got TRACING down pretty well
WOW! IF I Could only DRAW!
AND SO...
AFTER GETTING THE PAPER TO PRESS, CANTY, KIMBALL, AND GOULD RELAX IN GOULD'S LUXURIOUS TANGANYIKAN HIDEAWAY, WHERE, SIPPING BRANDIES AND PUFFING LEISURELY SMOKES, THEY WHIMSICALLY CONTEMPLATE THE MCA "4 POINT PLAN"— MORE NEXT ISH!

"SUNSHINE — PLACES YOU'D PROBABLY LIKE TO BE." — PAINTINGS AND PRINTS BY JAMES HIGGINS, CONCOURSE GALLERY, BOSTON CITY HALL. FEB. 1-MARCH 5.

Walking into the Concourse Gallery of City Hall, the first painting I notice is a seascape, "5:30 A.M. New Years Day." It utilizes mostly tube colors, with several quite interesting swirling shapes in the sky coming from the sun. However, the top and bottom areas look like they could have been silk screened. The other paintings (for the most part) are roughly painted scenes and landscapes of direct colors. Several of them are uneasily broken up by arbitrary shapes of flat color which seem to be falling out of the sky.

Parts of several of the smaller paintings, "Polo Game," "The Pump House," "Flower Garden" and "At My Mother's House," are composites of several styles (I am reminded of Rousseau, Hopper and Matisse). But somehow they don't have the delicacy or diversity of these painters.

One of the small oils, "The Beach where I Swim," is smoothly and interestingly handled. The only watercolor in the show, "Orange Grove with Irrigation Ditch," is the most subtle work there.

The eleven silk screens of the same self-portrait, the two drawings and the photos of the artist at work detract from the interest and impact of the rest of the work.

On the whole, the show displays the different moods of the artist and show his interest in different techniques and styles of expression. The confusion of the Concourse Gallery (hallway) seems to suit the confusion of trying to view the show as a whole.

—Alfred DeAngelo
Senior Painting Dept.

"SUNSHINE — PLACES YOU'D PROBABLY LIKE TO BE," — PAINTINGS AND PRINTS BY JAMES HIGGINS, CONCOURSE GALLERY, BOSTON CITY HALL. FEB. 1-MAR. 5

This February Boston's City Hall is graced with the humors of a benevolent sun. Its walls, provoked by that lustre, extend to the captive winter hearts and souls of its populace too warm to be left unfelt.

Take yourselves, you Dreamers of Expansive Dreams, to that Concourse Gallery and let unfold the many folds of your lives to gather richness from the too, too longed for summer sun shining so brightly, there at your doorstep. Stand and enliven your hold on your surroundings by startling your mind's eye with the painted visions of a far distant land brought close by diligent creativity. And, framed there by concrete and brick. For, there you will find the works of James Higgins, artist, of whom it is said: "He's put the balls back into painting."

—John Raczkiewicz
Scribe ad Veritam

ANNOUNCEMENT

ART EDUCATION DEPARTMENT SHOW

Including works by faculty, graduate students, and undergraduates. Opening will be Wednesday evening, April 25th from six o'clock to nine o'clock pm. All are invited to attend.

PAINTINGS BY THE PAINTING DEPARTMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART. LONGWOOD GALLERY.

THE WASTELAND — BY JANE BREGOLI

At long last avant-gardism flourishes in Mass. Art, as is evident in our current student painting exhibition. But, inevitably, there are still those few student holdouts, rebels without a cause, so-to-speak, in cubbyholes, muttering some drivel about humanism in art. "If jn this exhibition," one of them told me, "there lies a hunger for art or life, it seems to be evident only in the coordinators of the exhibit." Never was there a more untrue statement. For what better evidence is there of the judge's hunger and finely developed taste than in their choice of the salami on rye painting? But still, we must not listen to the voices of the dissenting, for in our school, as in no other, WE LISTEN TO MINORITIES!

This is an exhibition picked by judges who feel not of the heart but of the glands," said a shifty-eyed character. We see the collapse of discrimination and sensitivity. Radiance is sacrificed for crassness, inevitably for disorder. With a few exceptions, there are no problems of the spirit dealt with in the show, and yet they are the only problems that make art worth all the sweat and agony. Like Faukner said, "There is only one fearful question in the back of everybody's mind; When will I be blown up?"